Thus he replies, the colour in thy face,
That euen for anger makes the Lilly pale,
And the red roſe bluſh at her owne diſgrace,
Shall plead for me and tell my louing tale.
Vnder that colour am I come to ſcale
Thy neuer conquered Fort, the fault is thine,
For thoſe thine eyes betray thee vnto mine.

Thus I foreſtall thee, if thou meane to chide,
Thy beauty hath enſnar'd thee to this night,
VVhere thou with patience muſt my will abide,
My will that markes thee for my earths delight,
VVhich I to conquer ſought with all my might.
But as reproofe and reaſon beat it dead,
By thy bright beautie was it newlie bred.

I ſee what croſſes my attempt will bring,
I know what thornes the growing roſe defends,
I thinke the honie garded with a ſting,
All this before-hand counſell comprehends.
But VVill is deafe, and hears no heedfull friends,
Onely he hath an eye to gaze on Beautie,
And dotes on what he looks, gainſt law or duety.